It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so,)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue,
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish, fond in great designes.
*Qu.* Shal I be tempted of the diuell thus?
*King.* I, if the diuell tempt thee to doo good.
*Q.* Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
*King.* I, if your selfes remembrance, wrong your selfe.
*Qu.* But thou didst kill my children.
*King.* But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that nest of spicerie they shall breed,
Selfes of themselues, to your recomfiture.
*Qu.* Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will?
*King.* And be a happie mother by the deede.
*Qu.* I goe, write to me very shortlie.
*King.* Beare her my true loues kisse, farewel *Exit.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
*Rat.* My gracious soueraigne, on the westerne coast,
Rideth a puissant Nauie. To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnresolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall,
And there thy hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a shore.
*King.* Some light-foote friend, post to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesbie, where is he?
*Cat.* Here my Lord.
*King.* Flie to the Duke, post thou to Salisburie,
When thou comest there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the Duke.
*Cat.* First mightie soueraigne, let me know your minde,
What from your grace, I shall deliuer them.
*King.* O, true good Catesbie, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presentlie at Salisburie.
*Rat.*





*Rat.* What is it your hignes ple
*King.* Why, what wouldst the
*Rat.* Your highnesse told me I
*Kin.* My mind is changd sir, m
How now, what newes with you?
*Enter Da*
*Dar.* None good my Lord, to p
Nor none so bad, but it may well
*King.* Hoiday, a riddle, neither
Why doest thou runne so many r
When thou maist tell thy tale a n
Once more, what newes?
*Dar.* Richmond is on the seas.
*King.* There let him sinke, and
White liuerd runnagate, what do
*Dar.* I know not mightie soue
*King.* Well sir, as you guesse, a
*Dar.* Sturd vp by Dorset, Buc
He makes for England, there to c
*King.* Is the chaire Emptie? is
Is the king dead? the empire vnp
What heire of Yorke is there aliu
And who is Englands king, but g
Then tell me, what doeth he vpo
*Dar.* Vnlesse for that my lieg
*King.* Vnlesse for that, he com
You cannot guesse, wherefore th
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him
*Dar.* No mightie liege, therefo
*King.* Where is thy power, the
Where are thy tennants, and thy
Are they not now vpon the We
Safe conducting, the rebels from
*Dar.* No my good Lord, my fr
*King.* Cold friends to Richard,
When they should serue, their so
*Dar.* They haue not bin comma
Please it your Maiestie to giue m



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